S/PPR/Spec Coll

FEB. 1-14 GALA POST BUST ISSUE! 25¢ IN MICH.

ARGUS

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WASHINGTON 11:51 A.M.

CHIEF KRASNY, I WANT THOSE ARGUS QUEERS ROUNDED UP BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!

ANN ARBOR 1:17 P.M.

ALRIGHT MEN! WE HAVE A DANGEROUS MISSION TO EXECUTE.... SOME OF YOU MAY NOT RETURN ALIVE...

ARGUS HOUSE 3:46 P.M.

DING DONG

RING DOOR BELL

HEY MAN, LEMME IN, AH, MIKE HERE HUH? HUH?

INSIDE 3:49 P.M.

A-OK, GO! GO! GO! ROGER OINKO AND OUT!

AT THE DOOR 3:53 P.M.

DING DONG

RING

DON'T MOVE, LADY

INSIDE 4:04 P.M.

YER ALL UNDER ARREST FOR VIOLATION OF DA... UH... OH YEA, DA STATE NARCOTICS LAWS!

FOR THE NEXT HOUR

NUTHIN BUT CLOTHES!

WHUDUYA KNOW! HA! HA!

EVIDENCE

ALL NIGHT

SO THIS IS THE HOLE

IN THE MORNING...

HEH, HEH, THIS WILL SCREW THEIR ASSES.

BAIL: $5,000.00

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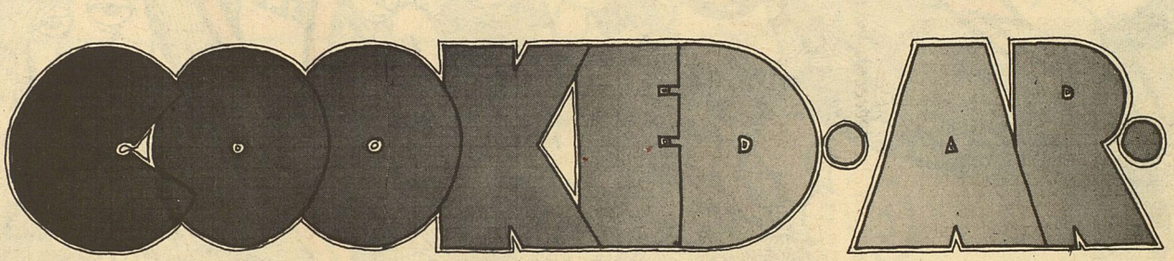
The Argus house on 708 Arch St. was raided at about 3:30 Tuesday, 19 January, by a force of about fifteen plainclothes and uniformed Ann Arbor Police. The raid, led by Lieutenant Richard Anderson and Detective Calvin Hicks, resulted in the arrest of six people, five of whom were released within two hours of their incarceration in the City lockup. Douglas Connelley was held on narcotics charges. His bail was later set at $15,000.

Earlier the same day a raid was carried off on the house at 1023 Church St. where five persons were arrested. Arrested later in the day and held for violation of Michigan narcotics laws was Bill Tanner. (See story on page three.)

During the raid, the entire house was searched without warrant. Subscription files, financial records, address books, shotguns and rifles were seized, purportedly as evidence pertaining to narcotics charges. All goods seized have been returned with the exception of the firearms.

Below is the story as told by those involved.



DEBBIE'S STORY

The doorbell rang and I went to the door and it was Terry. I'd seen him before so I didn't have any qualms about letting him in. He asked for Michael P. I told him Michael wasn't here, but Doug was here cause I knew Terry hung out with Doug. Just as soon as I thought about it I realized he was under suspect so I called Doug down to deal with him. Doug went to the top of the stairs and Terry went up to meet him at the top of the stairs. I was sitting in the living room and a few minutes later the doorbell rang again and it was a middle-aged dude wearing casual clothes. He came into the porch and said "Is Micheal P. here?" and I said "No, he's moved." I figured it was Michael P.'s father and he said, "Well, where's he moved to?" and I said "Huron Street". At that point I started getting suspicious of his questions and I started saying goodby and closing the door on him because I didn't like the way he looked. I saw over his shoulder that uniformed and plainclothes police were running out from behind the cars and vans parked in front of the Argus. Well, my eyes got big and my jaw sagged a little. When the dude who had come to the door saw this he pushed the door open and shoved me against the wall and pigs started running into the house.

DOUG'S STORY, part I

I was sitting in bed with Darlene when I heard Debbie call me. I walked down the hall to the top of the stairs and there's Terry Bernay. He says, "Hey man, you wanna go get me some dope?" I answered, "I'm real sick and I don't wanna get outa my bed". I walked into my room and I walked back out and I started talkin to him in the hallway, rapping to him about some good smokin dope. Then all of a sudden PITTER PATTER PITTER PATTER up the stairs comes Detective Anderson. He says, "Is this Connelley?" and Terry Bernay says, "Yes, this is Connelley." I looked at Terry and Terry looks at me and says "I'm a cop". Anderson says "You're under arrest. We got two warrants for you, one for sales of LSD and one for sales of marijuana". Then Anderson takes me downstairs to the living room where the pigs had rounded up everybody else.

DARLENE'S STORY

In the livingroom, pigs were running back and forth, looking in drawers, casually looking at posters on the walls. I noticed one of them saw the reactionary writing on the back of a door that said 'kill a honky for peace' and he flipped out! The only time they talked to us was when Anderson announced "You're all under arrest for violation of state narcotics laws". They didn't talk to us at all except when we asked to go upstairs and get our coats and shoes and stuff. They just rounded us up, frisked us, handcuffed us, and hustled us off within about ten minutes. There were only four people in the house at the time, and Rex and Ronna came in on the middle of it.

DOUG'S STORY, part II

I said to Detective Anderson, "Let me go upstairs and get my coat". He says "OK". Both of us walk upstairs and we walk into my room. Three pigs are in there searching it from top to bottom. I say "This is illegal Anderson, you can't do it. I know my rights. You only have warrants for me, you cannot search the house." He says, "Shut up", takes me downstairs, handcuffs me, and takes me from there.

REX'S STORY

In my usual unconscious state, under the influence of the harmless drug marijuana, I did not notice the unmarked police cars on our front lawn and pigs galloping in and out of our house. I had 25 pounds of whole wheat flour over my shoulder because some of us were planning to start a soup kitchen when the AFSCME people went on strike. They stopped me and ripped open the bag to see if it was heroin. They found that it wasn't, and snorted some anyway. They put me spread-eagled against the wall just inside the door and searched me, stole my address book. Then they put me in the office, the living room. By that time they had already shipped four of us to the jail. Then Ronna walked into the house. She was gonna take me to the A&P to buy vegetables and they announced that she was under arrest for violation of state narcotics laws. The pigs put her in the office too. After asking about three times if she could take her puppy with her to the station they said she could. Presumably the puppy was also under arrest. Anderson was in the living room too, he was shifting around very nervously. As I was sitting there I had a weapon in my hand, an X-acto knife, to be exacto, and uh they didn't even notice it there, they were so dumb. I thought about making my escape but decided not to. They stood me up and handcuffed me behind my back and they handcuffed Ronna and took us out to the pig car and got her dog. We started kissing the dog and they took us down to the police station.

DOUG'S STORY, part III

Okay, I got to the county jail at around 7:00. I was searched, written down in the books and they took me down to cellblock 100 where there was about five other people. I was in there for about an hour and a half. Bill Tanner came in. I told the turnkeys I was sick, I was under a doctor's care, that I wanted some aspirin and a phone call. I didn't get to make a phone call. I didn't get any aspirins. At first they said I couldn't see a doctor until the next day. Then when they started to put me back in the cell, they said they had to quarantine me cause I was sick. So from there I went to solitary confinement in the basement, which was a small cell about ten by ten with a drain in the floor to shit and piss in and a cement slab to sleep on. When they took me to the hole they gave me a blanket. I told the guard I wanted to see a doctor and at that time he shoved me and kicked me in the groin.

Then about a half hour later, a turnkey came down. First they turned the heat up real high and it was gettin real hot and I was sweatin with a temperature of about 103. I sweated for about an hour, then they came down and opened up the windows and let the wind and snow blow in the windows so it got cold. That went on until about four or five in the morning when they finally closed them.

I was in there all night until the next morning when they took me out, fingerprinted me, mug-shot me, took me for my arraignment. I demanded to the judge that I receive medical treatment. Directly after the arraignment I was taken to the hospital. I was examined and it was found that I had an upper respiratory infection, and my right lung was closing. The doctor gave me a shot and he gave me some Penicillin for medication. I was to take them one every six hours. Upon my arrival at the county jail, the medicine was taken away from me. I said, "Well, you can keep em, man, but just give me one every six hours". I didn't get any. They took me back up to cellblock 100. There the guards told Tanner and me that we were gonna be moved to a permanent quarters. Before they did that they took us upstairs where a deputy cut our hair and shaved my beard. Then we were taken to a permanent cell where we were at for about a half an hour. I was released after my friends posted the $1,500 bond.

BENJ'S STORY

When we got to the station in the basement of city hall, the cops took a little information on us; name, address. We all expected to be interrogated, but none of us were. We were stripped and searched, and as soon as the search was over we were placed in separate lockups-one for the men and one for the women. There in the lockup we met the Church St. gang, who were busted earlier in the day, around 1:30. We jived, banged on the walls, made absurd threats, pitched pennies. After a couple of hours we were taken out one by one and just let out the door, once again without any words being exchanged between the police and ourselves. On the way out, I saw Doug with an identification number plaque hung around his neck, looking fairly low as they snapped mug shots. Took most of us awhile, standing out there in the cold, to realize that we'd just been released.

Community response to the narcotics raid was amazing. Bond was raised for Doug within 20 hours from bucket drives, student funds and personal contributions. The gracious goodwill of Harold Moon, local monopoly bail

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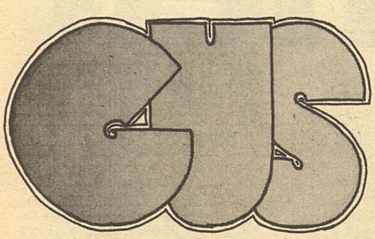
bondsman, allowed us to liberate our brother before we had raised all of the bond.

Statements issued by the police made the political nature of the raids apparent. All 14 of those arrested were named by police as members of the White Panther Party. The raids occurred one week before the trial of John Sinclair, Pun Plamondon, and Jack Forrest for the bombing of the Ann Arbor CIA office was to begin. Police went out of their way to state that heroin had been found in the raids. This was reported in every communications medium in the state. It is however, untrue. Quantities of substances such as sea salt and Ozona Menthol Snuff were seized. These were undoubtedly sufficiently "heroin-like" to arouse the suspicions of even the most judicious investigator and warrant the public declaration that heroin had been found. It's not everywhere one finds quantities of white powder. Finally, the busts were timed and advertised to support Chief Krasny's contentions in the



debate over the controversial Marijuana Ordinance now under consideration by the City Council. This ordinance would lower the penalty for possession and use of marijuana to a misdemeanor. Krasny argued that "wherever you find marijuana, you find hard drugs like heroin". The validity of this statement should be immediately apparent to anyone willing to classify Ozone Menthol Snuff as a "heroin-like" drug.

The Argus, of course, will continue to publish. No applause please. Just throw money.

Roundup

The house on 1023 Church St. was invaded by a large force of plainclothed and uniformed city police in a manner similar to the Argus raid. On Tuesday, 19 January at about 1:30 Terry Brenay made an appearance, asking for dope. A short time after he entered the house, a casually dresses pig came to the door as the advance man f r the ensuing flood of pork. Five persons were arrested, including Sophie Rasch, to whom a warrant issued for sales of LSD was presented. The house was thoroughly searched as everyone was carted down to the lockup. Only Sophie was held for more than five hours. She was charged with sales of LSD, and her bail set at $7,500 After $750 bond was posted by her friends on Wednesday, Sophie was released.

Wilson P. Tanner III, also known as Bill, was arrested when he appeared at the Ann Arbor Police Station Tuesday afternoon. He was charged with sale of LSD (to Terry). Bail was originally set at $7,500, but Bill was eventually released on personal recognizance.

Michael Policht was busted at a house on Olivia early Wednesday afternoon when two detectives came to the door bearing a warrant for his arrest. He was charged with sale of LSD (to Terry). Bail was originally set at $10,000 but was later lowered to $5,000. Michael P. was released Friday night when friends posted $500 bail.

Nina Forrester was arrested at about 3:30 Wednesday afternoon on the sixth floor of the City Hall. She was standing in front of one of the courtrooms after attending the arraignment of Michael Policht when Sargent Carter of the Ann Arbor Police began conversing with her. "He knew me from when I was busted for shoplifting", Nina told an Argus reporter. "He said, 'Hi Nina' and we talked about the shoplifting thing. Then he says, 'Come along with me, I've got something for you.' I started freaking out and he said, 'It's a warrant, about LSD.'" Nina was charged with sale of LSD (to Terry) and her bail was originally set at $10,000 but was later lowered to $5,000. She was released Friday night when friendsposted $500 bond.

BUST BREAK-DOWN

The Argus bust is not just an isolated incident of police repression against a local underground paper. It is part of a rash of busts all around the country designed to harass, if not totally shut down, life culture papers.

In many of the busts, there has been the involvement of federal as well as local pigs. This seems to indicate that the federal government is in fact systematically trying to discredit and silence underground papers.

The House Internal Security Committee (successor to HUAC) is investigating the Black Panther Party paper and NOLA Express (from New Orleans) to see if they're violating any federal laws by "advocating the overthrow of the United States government". Kudzu (Jackson, Miss.) has been visited by the FBI and had 8 staff people busted for dope. In Isla Vista, Calif., the local sheriff's posse has raided the Strategic Hamlet office several times and has been picking up street sellers for questioning. In Baltimore, the commune next door to the Harry office was broken into, and nine people, including one staff member, were held for possession of twelve different kinds of planted tablets and two bags of herb tea which were magically transformed into marijuana in the police station.

The Seed in Chicago was visited by nine policemen armed with shotguns. The staff houses of Juche (Cambridge, Mass.) and the Second Coming (Ypsilanti) were both raided and ransacked by police armed with automatic weapons- in Cambridge, 7 people were busted for illegal possession of shotguns, conspiracy to violate the firearms act, and of course, possession of marijuana. In New Haven, Conn., the editor of View from the Bottom was arrested on narcotics charges along with 70 other people from the community.

But the heaviest repression so far has come down in Buffalo, where two members and one former member of the Cold Steel staff have been charged with criminal anarchy, inciting to riot, two counts of conspiracy and five misdemeanors. The inciting to riot charge is based on the cover of one issue, a photograph of a school building "on fire" (the flames had been drawn in) under the heading "Back to School". The conspiracy counts are for conspiracy to incite a riot and conspiracy to engage in criminal anarchy, which explains why at least three people had to be busted. -Lalena-

Drop out, Turn on, Turn in

The story of the Argus house bust is a case of a revolutionary organization failing to deal effectivly with a person strongly suspected of being an undercover agent. Terry had the grim face, downcast eyes, the stiff movements, few worde of a man acutely uncomfortable in our culture. He always appeared alone, and his sole purpose in contacting people was the scoring of dope.

Our suspicions were strongly aroused during an attempted score. There was no dope to be purchased but it was suggested we smoke some. A joint was being rolled when Terry said, "Why don't we use my pipe." Joints were preferred, but he insisted. After the pipe was passed around for a few tokes, Terry declared "I have to drive home". As if this explained everything, he snuffed the pipe out with a pack of matches, then stuffed the pipe, dope and all, into the pocket of his jacket.

Immediately after Terry split that scene, a couple of us made the rounds, checking his acquaintances, contacts, and references. Everyone had the same information: Terry had lived in Detroit, before he moved to Ann Arbor. He'd been active on the local scene for about nine months, dealing dope fairly heavily at one time, and giving away psychedelics at the free concerts.

The Argus collective was informed during a house meeting that Terry was to be handled with care and kept under continous watch while he was in the house. Terry should have been put up against the wall and questioned. Photographs should have been taken and his story thouroughly checked out. Even though none of this was done, it's dificult to say wether it would have done any good. All the warrants issued on the basis of Terry's testimony dated from before the event which caused us to seriously question his origin and intentions. After that event, the word was spread.

Terry Brenay is a State Trooper
Height: About 5' 10"
Weight: About 170 lbs.
Build: Stocky
Hair: Collar length hair. Wirey short, untrimmed beard and moustache. Red-blond in color.
Dress: Woolen stocking cap. Plaid shirt-jackets. Straight legged pants--resembles a Canadian logger.

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rank and filed

The membership of local 1583 of the AFSCME have returned to work, their fate now largely in the hands of a "neutral" state-employed fact-finder. This dismal situation stems firectly from the pressures on workers by the University, the State government, the courts, the trade union leadership, the media-the entire system. The original strike deadline was Thursday midnight 14 January; however, at 11:00 PM Thursday a bargaining committee announced a three day extension while 200 student strike supporters were meeting. At a union meeting the following Sunday, workers would not accept any more delays when a militant steward moved to strike Monday night and not to return to work without a new contract. This motion was accepted almost unamimously.

Just before the strike the university upped the proposed wage increase from 11¢ to 16¢ per hour each year for the next 27 months. That's about 6% a year totally inadequate, even to keep up with inflation. The University also ignored many other union demands including a day care center. At the time of the strike the bargaining committee and the University were about 40¢ per hour apart on wage increase alone, after the union had lowered its offer.

The strike itself was very disorganized. Many workers spent 7 to 8 hours in the cold on picket lines each day without relief. The union leadership had made few provisions to deal with the strike and told the workers little before it. All this had a very demoralizing effect on the workers.

During the strike the University went to Judge Ager seeking an injunction. Instead of issuing an injunction, the court appointed William Ellman as fact finder. Whatever the fact finder recommends is binding to both the University administration and union leadership. Ellman was president of the Michigan State Bar Association and employed by the Michigan Employment Relations Commission. Whose interest is he more in touch with-the workers or U management? Both the bargaining committee and the U administration accepted this arrangement and will recommend Ellman's decision. Meanwhile until Ellman has finished his fact finding, the strikers are back to work without a contract.

The strike was very effective while it lasted. Deliveries were stopped as the Teamsters honored ASFCME lines. The University was talking of shutting down. However, on Thursday the demoralized rank and file voted to accept the fact finder under much pressure from the media, the University, Judge Ager, and the bargaining committee; to return to work and wait for Ellman's recommendations. At this meeting over half the union membership was absent since many didn't know of the meeting and some (the most militant part of the union) were at jobs in the hospital.

During the strike the workers gained the active support of 2 or 3 hundred students as compared to 15 student picketers 2 1/2 years ago. This is still a very small percentage of students at the University which indicated the management-oreinted bourgeois backgrouds present in most students. The students that did support the strike organized dorm raps, helped with the picketing and tried to set up a day care center. Also, some students disrupted the bus service after hearing student bus drivers were scabbing union drivers, and that a union picketer was hit and injured by a scab driver. The support group also began organizing resistance toimminentU attempts to get students "out of the way" by sending them home.

The lessons of this strike are those we must remember for all trade union struggles. In this country, trade unions have traditionally ignored the political nature of strikes. Workers in trade unions must be defended, they are facing the same capitalist enemy we face, the same and often worse oppression. Public employee strikes like this one do make it clear to more people (just ask an AFSCME worker) that the University (and the capitalist state) is an oppressor. More people coming to that realization is what will make a true community of interest possible.

-Glenn and Frank-

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PHFOANS

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ANN ARBOR NETWORK (central information source-what's happening, phone #s, legal, medical, draft info) 769-6540
ARM (American Revolutionary Media) 761-9751
BLACK STUDENT UNION 761-4934
CANTERBURY HOUSE 665-0606
DRUG HELP 761-HELP
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WHITE PANTHERS 761-1709
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Published by the Ann Arbor Argus, Inc., part of a media collective which languishes at 708 Arch Street, Ann Arbor 48104, and is a member of LNS, ARM, UPS, and Prensa Latina. The Argus Legal Defense Fund is functioning but would like to go into retirement; make checks payable to S.O.A.R. and send to our address. We'd love to print anything you write, and you can pick up papers to sell on the streets at that same 708 Arch Street address.

WHA

Calvin Franklin attacked a captain of the Washtenaw Sheriff's Department on Saturday 23 January, slashing him in the face with a knife. According to friends, Calvin had heavily overdosed himself on several types of psychedelics, some of which probably contained speed and PCP. Well, Calvin had a rap against him for possession of marijuana. His friends as well as ours had been busted in the dope raids.

He left his pad (there seems to be some indication that he jumped out of a window) and headed down the road early Saturday morning. Sometime after 3 am a dude in a van stopped to pick up Calvin, who was hitchhiking on I94 near the Ann Arbor-Saline Rd. exit. Calvin pulled a jacknife on him, forced him out of the van, and drove off.

A little while later Capt. Elliot Fredland and his partner spotted the van buzzing along Pauline near Stadium in a less than normal way. Calvin's rear-view mirror exploded in blue light and a siren's shriek disintegrated his nervous system. He swerved across a lawn, floored it down Pauline and split west down Stadium. More pig cars were radioed in to assist Fredland's vehicle.

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HIP RIP HIP RIP HIP RIP

The house at 722 Packard was ripped off Thursday, 28 January and its young occupants violently beaten, clubbed, threatened, and debased. A group of six black males wearing black leather coats and berets, in their 20s, appeared at the house at around 1:30 or 2:00 pm and entered when someone answered the door.

The mood of the men was described by one witness as "really withdrawn, like from scag, sweaty and violent." Bearing rifles, clubs, and knives, they advanced to interior rooms where occupants and visitors were clubbed and smashed in the head with rifle butts as the assailants demanded drugs and money. The scene was complete confusion, according to a witness interviewed by the Argus. "Two sisters came in from the other bedroom lookin dazed and asked me 'do you know what's goin on?' and I said 'Yeah, it's a rip off'." According to a witness, one youth was clubbed and "had his teeth kicked in. He had a quarter inch deep dent in the side of his head from where he was hit with a rifle butt. He couldn't see for 20 minutes and he was completely delerious."

Four women and five men were in the house during the 10 or 15 minute long attack. All of them were beaten viciously and interrogated, then searched. A nine-months pregnant woman, a resident of the house, was punched in the stomach and clubbed. She is now in one of Ann Arbor's hospitals, having her baby somewhat prematurely.

"They hit one dude in the face with a rifle butt" said one witness. "They hit him and his face was bloody and he was backin away from them sayin 'I don't know where it is, I don't know where it is', and one of the dudes swung out and clubbed him and knocked him on the bed. They stuck a rifle to his head and threatened to kill him and he was screamin 'Don't kill me, don't kill me'."

All the bedrooms were torn apart in the assailants' search for money and dope. The assailants left after threatening the occupants and warning them that they would return if "we ever hear about this". Apparently, they were badly disappointed with the take. A 67 or 68 red Oldsmobile with a white top served as the getaway car.

"They went cold turkey before they did it so they'd have enough anger in them," observed one dude who was there. "They were really violent, crazy.. they were talkin bullshit about how 'We're gonna kill you white motherfuckers'. One dude called a girl a 'white whore' and forced her to call him 'sir'."

Police arrived soon afterward due to a neighbor's call, which was prompted by the sight of six dudes running across Packard openly displaying rifles. At least one of the victims knew the names of all six of the dudes who invaded the house, and gave these names to the police. As of the evening of 28 Jan., three of the ripper's-off have been arrested. The house after the raid was "filled with cries and moans and people lookin at their wounds". All of the victims were hospitalized and their injuries treated.

According to one witness, the group of men who carried off the Packard Street rip off were identical to those who conducted a similar attack on a house at 622 Main St. about two weeks ago. A similar scene occurred there, with an equal level of violence.

Although the details of that rip off were known to the Argus, we could not report on it for fear of bringing down more violence on the people that were attacked. The arrival of the police in this second incident has made the matter publicly known.

TCHA GONNA DO ABOUT ME?

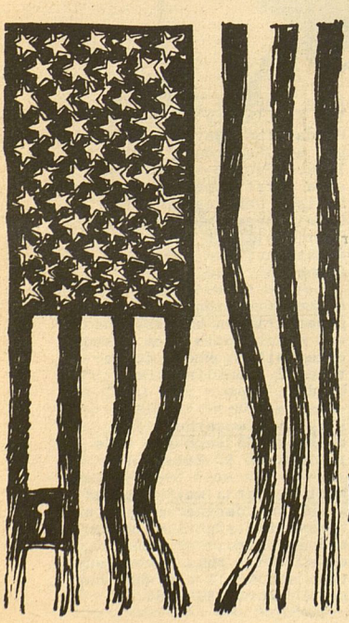
During the hunt, the driver's door on the van opened and closed several times as if someone were trying to jump out. Fredland told the Ann Arbor News the van was forced to a stop at an entry ramp to M14 just off N. Maple Road in Scio Township.

According to pigs, Calvin jumped out the van, immediately ran around to Fredland's side of the scout car with the knife in his hand and tried to attack the captain through the open car window. Fredland swung the door of the car out at Calvin to stop the lunge, but he just ran around the door and lunged again on top of the captain, knife in hand, slashing away. At that point, Fredland's partner got back into the car and began smashing Calvin over the head with a flashlight, which had no effect on Calvin's resolution. Another sheriff's patrol car then arrived, and two officers helped drag Calvin out from on top of Fredland. Together the four pigs managed to pound Calvin into submission.

Washtenaw County Sheriff Douglas J. Harvey told the Ann Arbor News that Calvin told officers after arrest that he had taken LSD, marijuana and "pills". Calvin reportedly said that he attacked Fredland because "I didn't want to go to jail for narcotics". Herr Harvey said that "he also told the officers that the revolution has started".

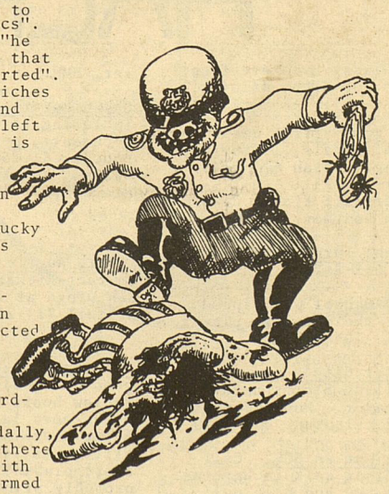
It took seventeen stiches to close the slash wound on Captain Fredland's left cheek. Calvin Franklin is in the County Jail. A prominent local bail bondsman who saw Calvin in jail told this reporter that "he'd be lucky if he could walk to his arraignment".

When he appeared in Chelsea's court on Monday, Calvin had a chain around his waist connected to the shackles which bound his hands behind his back. His head was badly gashed, and according to friends he was severely, almost suicidally, depressed. Calvin was there charged with assault with intent to murder and armed robbery. Bail was set at $35,000.



FREEDOM!

at.



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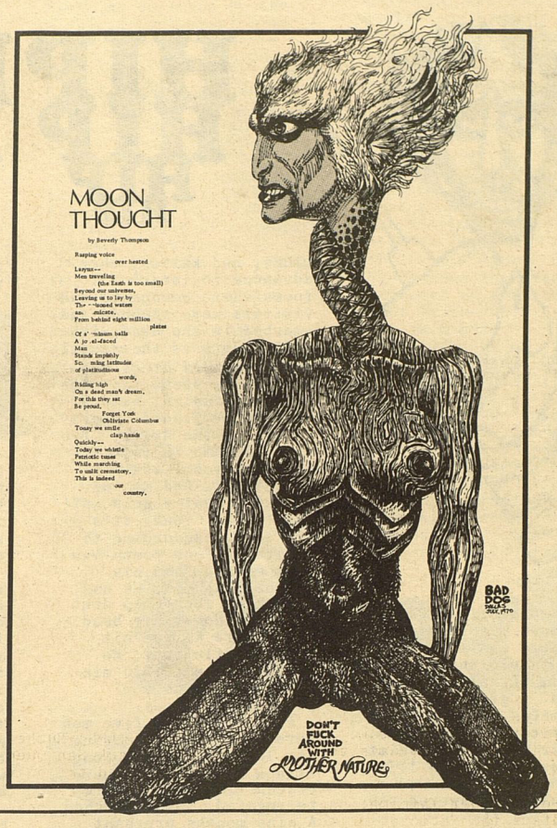
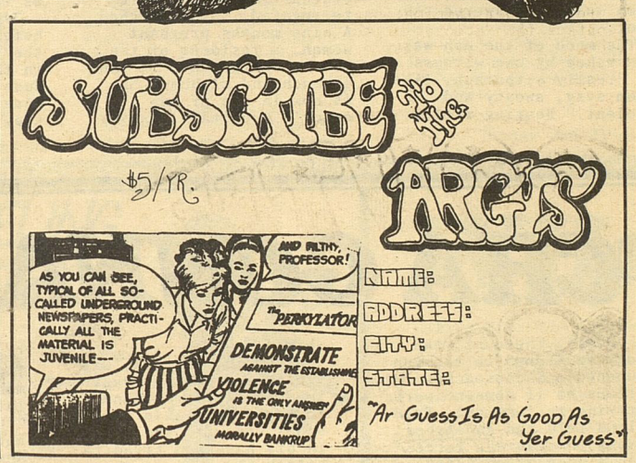
LITTLE THINGS' QUARTERMASTER IS STOCKED....WITH ARMY-NAVY JACKETS AND ARCTIC PARKAS, PEACE FLAGS, SAND JACKETS AND PONCHOS
AT LITTLE THINGS LIBERTY BLDG. 215 S. STATE ST.
769-3581



330 STUDENTS INTERNATIONAL RECORDS 665-8671



HALF-ASSFIEDS

Argus Glassy Eyes are free!! Send to 708 Arch, 48104.

Really good artist needs work. Posters, murals, lettering, anything. Sarah 665-7345.

Used furs-all kinds. $1-$40. Hideout Leather, 343 Maynard.

Apartment furnishings for sale. 665-8671.

Solstis School was ripped off for their record player. Donate! 706 Oakland.

The Motor City's answer to the Rolling Stones needs a bass player. Must be dedicated and talented. 838-1519.

Sending out an SOS? Call 483-1371 or walk in anytime. We will try and help pull things together. Any problems we can help with drugs, sex, birth control, draft, legal aid, suicide prevention. STUDENTS OFFERING SUPPORT, basement of Snow Health Center, EMU.

Gay Liberation has literature including 15 articles, plus documents, poems, drawings, photos. $1.25. Send to Gay Flames, Box 410 Old Chelsea Station NYC 10011.

Leslie Austin, where are you? Contact Richard Mercouris in San Diego at 2261 Froude St., or call 714-222-3673.

The Argus needs a really good cartoonist, people to review books and movies, and a few more layout people. Bring anything you have written to 708 Arch (try to edit, please) and we'll probably print it.

Junior high drummer wants to join or start band that plays rock, blues. Call 662-6914.

---

8 month old Magnavox stereo (portable) with new needle and headphones. Goes for $135 retail, will sell for $60 or best offer. 663-9024.

Kathy Whitlock-contact Doug about your recorder by writing to 2745 Lindale Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa 42502.

Keep on Truckin Coop needs cars and trucks. Call 883-1314 or Fifth Estate 831-6800.

Leather cobbler desires and needs work. Expert craftsmanship of anything at socialistic commission. Also macrame belts. Call Steve at 665-2802.

I need someone who can do good mechanical work on 1965 Chevy van at fair price. Must have own tools and work area. Call Ted at 769-0135.

The Ann Arbor Network knows what's happening. 769-6540.

Free People's Clinic at 302 E. Liberty is open on Monday-Thursday 7pm to 9:30 pm, and Saturdays from 1 to 3:30. People will be seen on a first-come first-served basis. Come early! The Clinic needs medical equipment, building materials, donations, and energy. Phone 761-8952.

Lavendar Vision, a new gay paper written by lesbians and homosexuals from Boston gets mail at Media Collective, 2 Brookline, Cambridge, Mass.

King size waterbeds-$65 each or $50 each for beds in lots of 5. 761-4361.

Want to get a way? Wanted: a walking partner or partners to see the sights on the way and in Detroit or some place else. Call this number anytime and we'll see what happens. Kurt 483-0288.

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PEOPLE'S POWER

Angela Davis appeared in court on January 5, offering a clenched fist salute to all her well-wishers. Charged with murder, kidnapping and conspiracy to kidnap and murder, Angela's defense team of five lawyers intends to file motions on February 5 which will move to dismiss the case for lack of incriminating evidence.

In a surprise statement delivered to the California court, Angela Davis said, "I maintain that my presence in this courtroom today is unrelated to any criminal act. I am the target of a political frame-up." She faces the death penalty if convicted because California law treats treats people proven as accessories to a crime the same as those convicted of committing a crime.

The pretrial proceedings are expected to take four to five months while the trial itself could take anywhere from two days to six months.

For further information contact the National United Committee to Free Angela Davis, 3450 W. 43rd St., Los Angeles, Calif.

photo by Chris Bunch

SAN RAFAEL (LNS)-Ruchell Magee is a Black San Quentin prisoner and the only survivor of the Marin County shootout, led by Jonathon Jackson, younger brother of George Jackson of the three Soledad Brothers. He swore in a San Rafael court affidavit that he was offered parole and immunity from prosecution if he would rearrange the facts, in order to convict his co-defendant. Ruchell replied that he "was not going to frame Miss Davis for nobody".

Charged with having fired the gun that killed Judge Harold Haley in last August's attampted liberation of prisoners from a California courthouse, Magee said his court-appointed attorney, A. Leonard Bjorklund, "offered me a bribe. He wanted me to lie about Angela and say that she gave us the guns on August 7." Magee swore that Bjorklund threatened him with the gas chamber if he didn't testify against Angela.

He has consistently rejected the appointment of Bjorklund as his attorney and has demanded his right to represent himself. Continuing to press his demands, Ruchell was gagged and chained at his hearing on December 22 and finally dismissed from the court.

Ruchell is 31 years old and has been in prison for the last 15 years with the exception of 7 months. He was convicted of armed robbery and kidnapping and sentenced to life imprisonment without possibility of parole. The statute which allowed his severe sentence is now thought to be unconstitutional.

A POEM TO THE PUBLIC REACTION TO THE CAPTURE OF ANGELA DAVIS

THIS IS THE WORST TO SEE
this is the worst to see
how quick we are to turn our backs.
someone said, she wanted to be caught,
as if she could wish the jail away
the jail away too, "I dont
want to hear these denials" we
were all still believing
in her invincibility.
dont tell me she wanted
not to be free,
or that Fred Hampton wanted
to be dead,
or that women want
to be raped,
or that Viet Nam wants
to be bombed bombed.
do we want her in jail?
want to be helpless, to be
frightened?
and sone said, the judge didnt
want to be dead.
dont tell me about him
either, he wanted
to judge, he wanted to jail, to
have the right of life or death, he
chose his side and I dont have time to cry
for him,
Im sorry
for all the dead,
but we are at war now, we are at war
for the sake of the living.

Susan Griffin

8 Jan-The black Daimber-Jacguar of British Ambassador Geoffry Jackson was proceeding down a narrow street in the old city of Montevideo, Uraguay, when a stolen car suddenly pulled in front and stopped. A fruit vendor in the street produced a submachinegun from a basket of lettuce. The ambassador's chauffeur was dragged from the car. Two bodyguards following Jackson in a small truck were put out of commission with clubs The assailants then drove away with the diplomat in his own car, the stolen vehicle following closely. The Daimber-Jaguar was found abandoned a mile and a half from the scene of the crime.

The kidnapping was the latest well-planned and executed urban guerilla maneuver of the Tupamaros, a revolutionary organization which last summer kidnapped and is still holding U.S. agricultural advisor Claude Fly and Brazilian Consul Aloysio Dias Gomide. Also kidnapped last summer was U.S. police advisor Ian Mitrone, who was killed when Uraguay's President Jorge Areco did not respond to demands for the release of political prisoners.

On 12 January, civil liberties were suspended for 40 days by Uraguay's 11-man legislative body in order to facilitate the mobilization of policemen and armed forces to uncover the "people's prison" where the kidnapped officials are being held.

13 Jan-70 political prisoners were flown from Rio de Janeiro to Chile as exchange for Swiss Ambassador Giovanni Eurico Bucher, who was kidnapped 7 December by the Popular Revolutionary Vanguard, a guerilla organization. The PRV has promised to release the diplomat once photographs are published in the media showing the 70 prisoners in Santiago, Chile. The release of the 59 men and 11 women was described by Brazilian President Emilio Medici as "exile", carried out because the prisoners' "presence on national territory had become inconvenient, noxious, and dangerous to national security".

ARGUS/seven

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by Afeni Shakur

(Afeni is one of the Panther 21, currently on trial in New York. They are charged with conspiring to bomb hundreds of innocent shoppers at Macy's as well as the Bronx Botanical Garden. "Why would the Panther Party, which has sworm to defend the rights of Black people," asks Afeni, "want to bomb the very stores that Black people shop in?")

When Judge Murtagh revoked my bail, I had the ironic pleasure of revisiting the women held inside NYC's only female detention center. Information: to most sisters in the Women's House of Detention, there is little practical difference in bails of $100,000, $10,000, $1,000, and $100. Many women are being detained at amounts ranging from $100 to $1,000. Simultaneously, a great deal of charges accompanying these bails, are what we shall refer to as survival (or defensive) offenses. This means that these charges stem from acts which, if successful, would have eased some of the economic burden of the sister, thus eliminating any need to steal, prostitute, con, stick up or sell marijuana or drugs.

Obviously the problem, from the beginning, was economic need. When the policeman discovered this act of defense, he at no time inquired of the sister, why she felt such a compulsion to risk death or imprisonment, for such a small act. It never occurs to him to investigate the situation fairly and objectively. He needs to make only his monthly arrest quota to insure his job security.

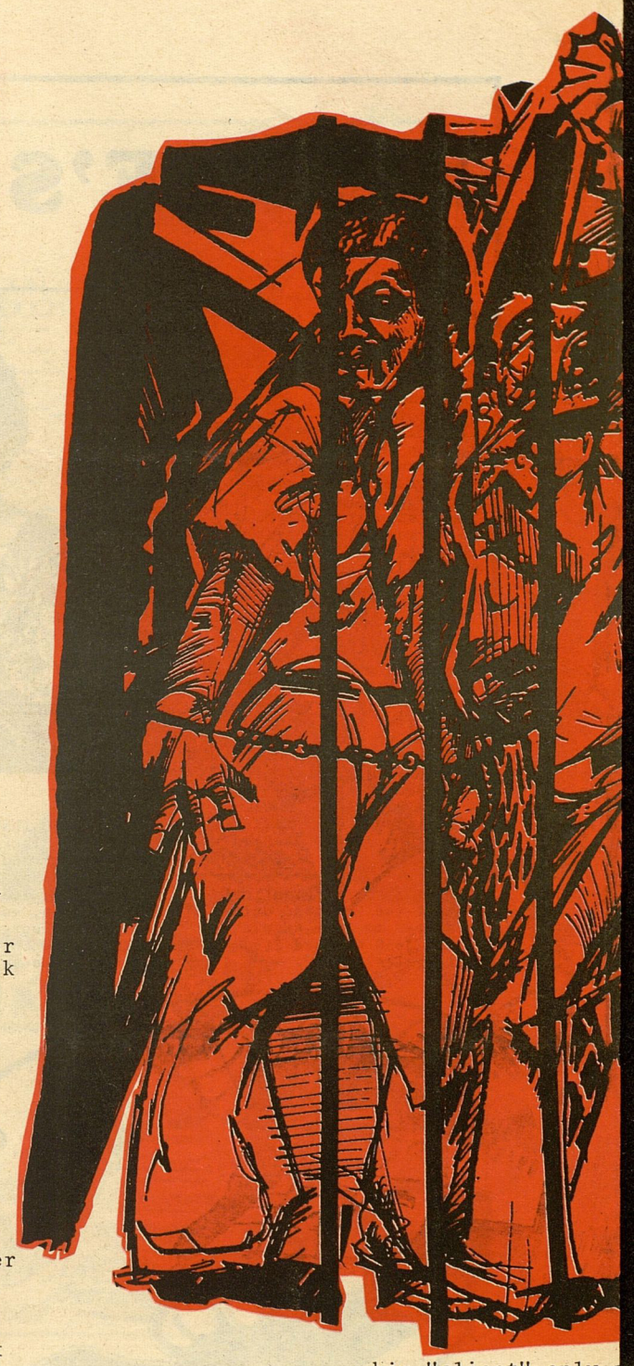
Meanwhile the sister is taken to a jail cell, where she is booked and held pending trial. No one has yet asked her if she is innocent, or if her actions were justified, or even if her children are taken care of in her absence. Either the same night or the following morning, she is taken before a judge. He does not speak to her at all. He usually takes turns, looking wither at a yellow sheet of paper that has her name, address, sex, age, race, religion and charge or charges, or he looks at the district attorney, who had just been told of the case minutes or hours before, has made no objective investigation himself, and is paid to be the accuser.

The assistant district attorney reads off the charges with one or two new ones added for good measure, then he recites a well-used speech about the criminal threat the woman poses on society. He asks the judge to set bail at some ridiculous amount that has nothing to do with the constitutional requirements of the bail. He does not bother to follow those requirements because he understands that he will not be responsible for upholding any of its codes.

The judge follows the suggestion of the assistant district attorney and sets bail. He does not ask her if she has eaten recently, if the clothes she wears are her only remnants. He doesn't ask her if her babies are fed every day or if they have a decent house to stay in. All he does is set what amounts to ransom and confines her to a building where she is guarded, ignored, and harassed.

The court appoints, at randon, a legal aid. He is employed by the state. He is given approximately ten caseloads a day and is either unable or chooses not to adequately defend any of them. He has very little time to file all the complex motions necessary.

The legal aid confers with



his "client" only
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I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT I SPEAK WITH EXPERIENCE AND YEARS OF KNOWLEDGE IN THE FOLLOWING REFLECTIONS ON PRISON LIFE. IN THE MANY TIMES I HAVE BEEN IN REFORM SCHOOLS, JAILS, AND PRISONS, I HAVE EXPERIENCED MANY OF THE UNHAPPY SITUATIONS MENTIONED BELOW. DOING TIME, OFF AND ON SINCE 1956, I CAN SPEAK WITH CONSIDERABLE PERSONAL INSIGHT INTO EVERYTHING I WILL MENTION. I HAVE NEVER TRIED TO EXPRESS MYSELF IN THIS MANNER BEFORE, SO PLEASE BEAR WITH ME AND I'M SURE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THE MESSAGE I AM TRYING TO GET TO THE PUBLIC.

The real prison is filled with men who have seen too many smoke-filled bars, lived in too many third-rate hotels, in too many cities; they have had too many dreams that can never be fulfilled; they have lived too many days without beauty, and have seen too many of life's frustrations.

The real prison suppresses, deadens and crushes; enclosing a life without meaning. It is just the cold hard facts of life, that hold no devious mystery, where men find the real truth of their worth.

The real prison is more formidable than stone walls, steel bars, gun towers or guards; it is a bitterness in the hearts of many who have become a part of it, only because they were without money and friends, or someone who cared.

The real prison almost shouts its contempt for the fumbling society of humanity that holds it so tight in its grip. It listens unhearing to the inner cries of the damned. It is filled with many causes and results of failure, all this and much more; the indifference and ignorance of prison officials concerning prison inmates and their needs; mail and telephone calls are restricted and censored, prisoners are subjected to embarrassing shake-downs (searches) frequently, particularly when leaving the visiting room and when enroute to other jails and institutions; when being transferred, the prisoner is shackled with leg irons and hand cuffs, and he is usually forced to eat in the car this way, and go to restroom facilities in the same manner.

In the real prison you will find that access to legal and personal assistance through the "case workers" is practically nil. In this population of 500 men, there are only three caseworkers; they are relatively untrained, overworked, and indifferent to the feelings and needs of inmates. The caseworkers are supposed to be here for the purpose of guiding and assisting inmates in their personal and legal problems; in actuality they are no more than clerical policemen.

The real prison is a place of hope and hopelessness; the regimented routine in prison, where merely living is a task-it is a drama of men who have been making a payment on a debt for years on end-one they know will never be paid in full as they carry its mark for life.

The real prison is men who walk in a trance within the confines of a six-by-eight foot cell, or a dormitory with sixty men, where privacy is a thing you dream of. Men shoulder these burdens quietly without complaint, thinking of those who have forgotten them, or don't care anymore, for life goes on without them.

The real prison is a loneliness that sinks into the very guts of a man, an emptiness that leaves a sick feeling within you, an anxiety that pushes and swells, an uncertainty that smothers and stifles, a frustration, hostility, and indifference. The real prison is men who not long ago knew the warmth and love of a woman, the sound of little children, and the happiness of a close family; many know they may never have these things again.

The real prison can be seen on the concerned faces of loved ones, who visit you in the visiting room, the brothers and sisters who just can't understand you, the worried face of the Mother who studies the face of her son, who was once her pride and joy, and now carries a number before his name.

The real prison is where the "Dear John" letter leaves a man completely drained, for he is without the power or mobility to go home, correct the wrong, the hurt, and the misunderstanding. Some wait for the letter that never arrives. Who knows which is worse: the waiting or the wondering?

The real prison is the strain that gets to you, expecially when you hear the old familiar song on the radio, the one that belonged to you and your girl. It is dreams of past happinesses which you had, and the plans for the future, which now may never come true. With this and much more you lay in your bunk at night, and your mind reeks with anguish and frustration.

With all this, the story still goes untold, for it is known only by those who have lived within the walls. Yes, this is the Real Prison.

J.T., presently serving five years for a narcotics violation. From Seattle, Washington.

Dedicate this to Mouse, better known as Gloria, who once understood and now is gone from me.

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prisoners is not one which they readily associate with. We have not done enough to help them understand our concern for them. As a result of these conditions, a group of women in New York have come together to eliminate some of these conditions.

We are organizing brigades of women to force the prison administration to admit us so that we can find out from the sisters themselves, what their specific needs are. We will then take steps to meet those basic needs. We will begin to take the necessary steps to insure the welfare of our sisters.

When there is bail in an amount that we can raise, we will bail the sister out of jail. We are beginning to send letters inside so that the sisters know that we are putting our theories into practice. We want to utilize all the progressive services available so that these sisters are given better treatment. The only way to educate is to communicate.

PRISON WOMEN

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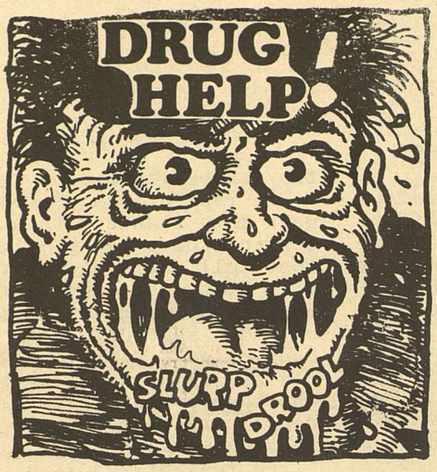
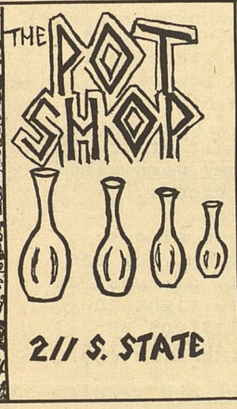


bummers, drug info,
referrals 24 hour service

761-help



CINEMA II

Winter, 1971

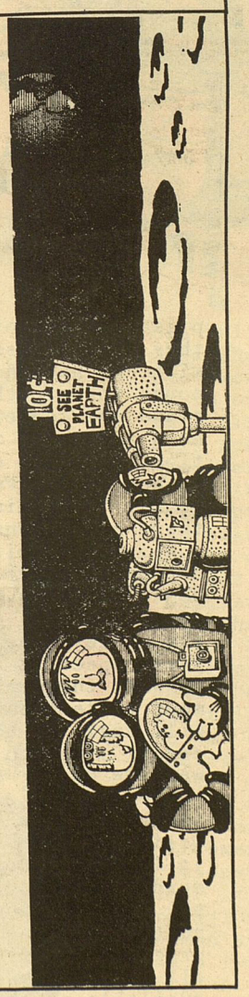
Feb. 5,6	**TWO HITCHCOCK THRILLERS**		
	NOTORIOUS with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman	LIFEBOAT with Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix	
	***MARAT SADE** *Film version of Peter Weiss' play, Marat Sade*		*Directed by Peter Brook*
12,13	**KING OF HEARTS** French, 1967 *The Germans flee France at the end of WW II.*		*Directed by Philippe De Broca* WITH ALAN BATES AND GENEVIEVE BUJOLD
	***A TASTE OF HONEY** 1962 *"A Taste of Honey is a fairy tale set in modern industrial ugliness." – Pauline Kael*		*Directed by Tony Richardson, written by Shelagh Delaney* WITH RITA TUSHINGHAM (winner of the Cannes Film Festival as Best Actress)
19,20	TO BE ANNOUNCED		
	***THE BIRTHDAY PARTY** 1968 *Film version of Harold Pinter's play, The Birthday Party "reveals pure Pinter in purely cinematic terms" – Judith Crist*		*Directed by William Friedkin* WITH ROBERT SHAW
March 12,13	**THE MAGICIAN** Swedish, 1958		*Directed by Ingmar Bergman* WITH MAX VON SYDOW AND BIBI ANDERSON
19,20	**JULES AND JIM** French *"Jules and Jim is about the impossibility of freedom, as it is about the many losses of innocence." – Pauline Kael*		*Directed by Francois Truffaut* WITH OSKAR WERNER AND JEANNE MORE AU
26,27	**LA GRANDE ILLUSION** French, 1937 *"I made "La Grande Illusion" because I am a pacifist," Renoir said in 1938.*		*Directed by Jean Renoir* WITH ERICH VON STROHEIM
	A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE 1961 *Film version of Arthur Miller's play "A View From the Bridge"*		*Directed by Sidney Lumet* WITH CAROL LAWRENCE, JEAN SOREL, MAUREEN STAPLETON AND RAF VOLLONE
April 2,3	**ONE-EYED JACKS** 1961 *Johnny Rio seeks revenge in the Old West. "The acting is uncommonly good. . .Brando espouses improvisation as an important tool of the actor; he's fierce, muddy and flamboyant. . .a perfect foil to the skilled Malden." – Hollis Alpert*		*Directed by Marlon Brando* WITH MARLON BRANDO, KARL MALDEN AND SLIM PICKENS
9,10	**THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER** 1962 *A young man, Colin Smith, who, distraught by his father's death and his mother's coarse indifference, commits robbery and is sent to Borstal, a boy's reformatory.*		*Directed by Tony Richardson* WITH TOM COURTENAY AND SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE
16,17	**THE DUTCHMAN** 1967 *From the play "The Dutchman" by Leroi Jones. The New York Transit Authority refused to allow the producer the use of its facilities because of the content of the work.*		*Directed by Anthony Harvey* WITH AL FREEMAN JR. AND SHIRLEY KNIGHT
	SCORPIO RISING 1963 *Motorcycles*		*Directed by Kenneth Anger*

AUD. A ANGELL HALL

7:00 & 9:05

(unless otherwise indicated

*this special series of films will be shown Fri. & Sat. at 11:00 and Sun. at 1:00 & 3:00



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ABORTION AIDES

Several groups in Ann Arbor are currently doing abortion counseling. The counselors are all well-trained, understanding, and able to help with problem pregnancies. Since abortions are largely illegal in Michigan, women needing abortions are sent to New York where the procedure is legal.

If you need help in terminating a pregnancy there are several places to go. If you are unsure that you want an abortion, the counselors can explain the options open to you, but the final decision is of course up to you. Counselors will not moralize, inform parents, relatives or anyone. Their job is to help you.

Places to get help are:

The Office of Religious Affairs at 2282 SAB or call 764-7442 and ask for a counselor.

The Free People's Clinic, 302 E. Liberty is open for contraceptive information and abortion counseling Monday through Friday 7:00 to 10:00 pm, and Saturday 1:00 to 5:30 or call 761-8592.

The Ann Arbor women's abortion counseling service, call 663-2363.

All three services send women to the women's medical service in New York.

Abortions are performed safely and cleanly in the Service's clinic. Women who have already had abortions explain the actual procedure and tell patients what to expect. For women under 10 weeks pregnant the vacuum aspiration method is used. This involves inserting a small tube into the uterus which gently sucks out the fetal and placental tissue. At worst the procedure feels like menstrual cramps. It takes only about 10 to 15 minutes. No hospital stay is involved. The usual cost is $150 (although this can be adjusted if you don't have the bread) plus transportation costs to New York. While this method can be used up to 10 weeks, don't wait until you are close to 10 weeks pregnant. At this time, the clinic has a waiting period of about 10 days. As soon as you think you are pregnant, have a pregnancy test done (at the Student Health Service, Free People's Clinic or a private doctor). If you are pregnant and want an abortion, go as soon as possible to see any of the counselors.

For women 10 to 14 weeks pregnant, dilation and curettage (D&C) is used. In this method, local anesthetic is used, and the inside of the uterus is scraped. The entire operation takes about 10 to 15 minutes. This procedure usually costs about $350 and transportation.

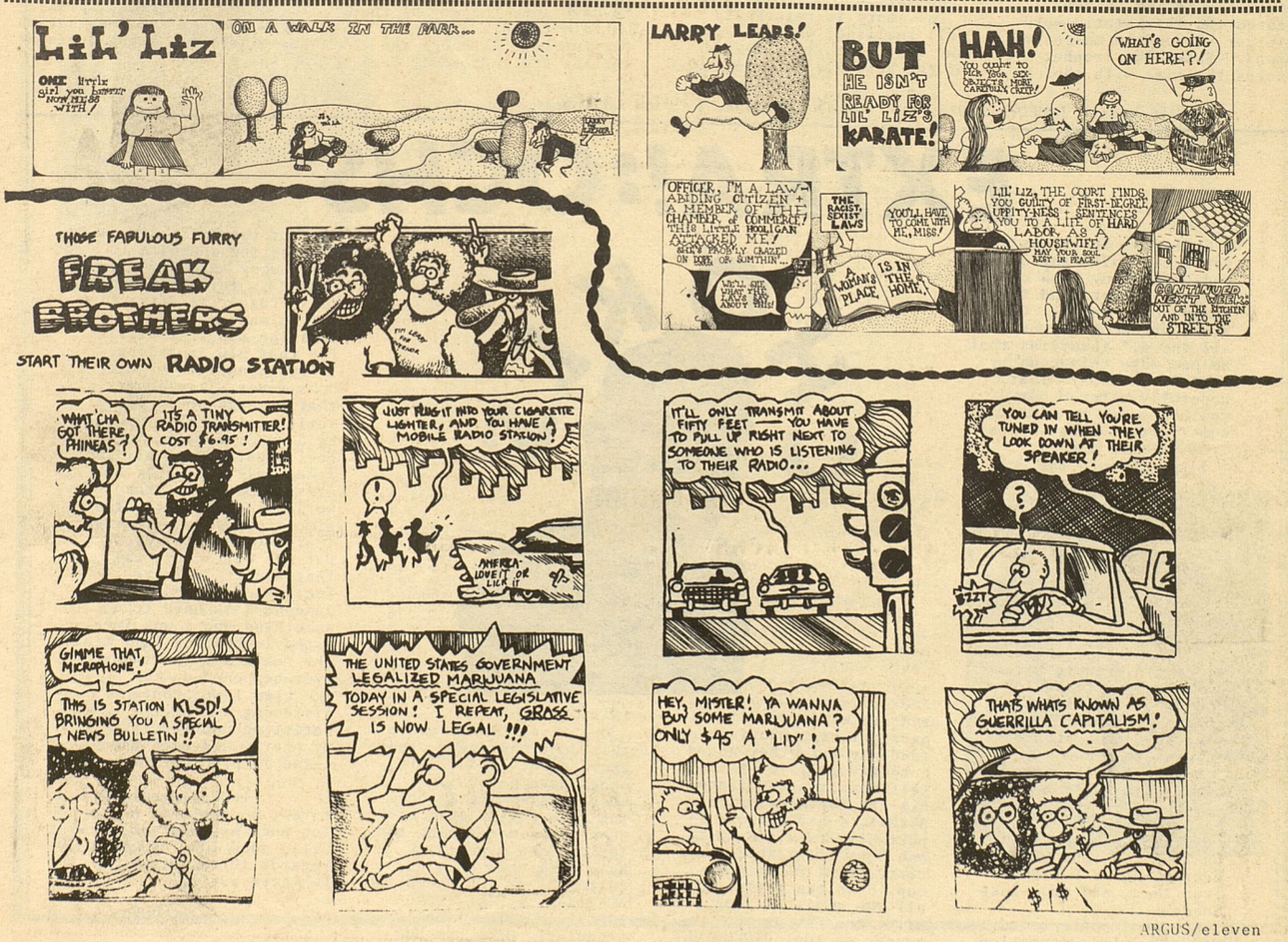
For women 17 to 21 weeks pregnant, the saline method is used. This requires a hospital stay of several days. A long needle is inserted through the abdominal wall and into the uterine cavity. A strong saline (salt) solution is injected around the fetus. This solution kills the fetus and prevents the release of placental hormones. Within 24 to 48 hours the woman goes into labor and miscarries. General cost is $450 plus transportation costs.

For any of these procedures, do not wait until the last minute. Although it is not hard to set up an appointment for an abortion, the clinic is so crowded that sometimes there is a waiting period for an appointment of several days. By that time a more expensive procedure might have to be used, or worse it might be just too late. There is no way to terminate a pregnancy over 24 weeks. No self-induced method will work. Many may lead to disability or death.

The abortion law in Michigan is 134 years old. Now it is almost impossible to get a legal abortion in Michigan. Several bills are now before the state senate. All would liberalize abortion; however, none provide for abortion on demand. Even with a liberalized abortion law, the cost of an abortion would surely be prohibitive for many women.

Most doctors are more concerned with their exorbitent fees than with their patient. It is a woman's right not to have a child-abortions should be free! While we cannot effectively fight the AMA at this point, we can try to help our sisters who cannot afford an abortion. Plans are in the works for an Abortion Loan Fund, more on this next issue.

Ann Arbor will hopefully soon have a Women's Center where women can hold classes, distribute various literature and just meet and rap with other sisters. Meetings are generally being held at St. Andrews Church, 302 N. Division on Sundays at 2 pm. Child care is available for the meetings. For more information call 769-7558.


Lil' Liz
ONCE little girl you haven't been with me
ON A WALK IN THE PARK...
LARRY LEARS!
BUT HE ISN'T READY FOR LIL' LIZ'S KARATE!
HAH!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS START THEIR OWN RADIO STATION
OFFICER, I'M A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN + A MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER of COMMERCE! THIS LITTLE HOOLIGAN ATTACKED ME! SHE'S PROBLY GRAZED ON LSD OR SUMTHIN'...
THE RACIST, SEXIST LAWS
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME, MISS!
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME...
LIL' LIZ, THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY OF FIRST-DEGREE UPPITY-NESS + SENTENCES YOU TO A LIFE OF HARD LABOR AS A HOUSEWIFE! MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PEACE.
LIBERATED WOMEN WALK OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE STREETS
WHAT'CHA GOT THERE, PHINEAS?
IT'S A TINY RADIO TRANSMITTER! COST $6.95!
JUST PLUG IT INTO YOUR CIGARETTE LIGHTER, AND YOU HAVE A MOBILE RADIO STATION!
AMERICA: LOVE IT OR LICK IT
IT'LL ONLY TRANSMIT ABOUT FIFTY FEET — YOU HAVE TO PULL UP RIGHT NEXT TO SOMEONE WHO IS LISTENING TO THEIR RADIO...
YOU CAN TELL YOU'RE TUNED IN WHEN THEY LOOK DOWN AT THEIR SPEAKER!
GIMME THAT, MICROPHONE!
THIS IS STATION KLSD! BRINGING YOU A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN!!
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT LEGALIZED MARIJUANA TODAY IN A SPECIAL LEGISLATIVE SESSION! I REPEAT, GRASS IS NOW LEGAL!!!
HEY, MISTER! YA WANNA BUY SOME MARIJUANA? ONLY $45 A "LID"!
THAT'S WHAT'S KNOWN AS GUERRILLA CAPITALISM!
1

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WHITE LIGHTNING

Dance The Eagle to Sleep
Marge Piercy
Doubleday, 232 pp.

by Comrade X

This is a novel of the stage of struggle in which the generation gap becomes interstellar war. Set in the near future, the action takes place in an America where Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and other major urban ghettos are twisted ruins, bombed into oblivion by government planes as part of a policy of "limited disciplinary retaliation." Draft reform has taken shape as the Nineteenth Year of Servitude, an 18 month stretch as a tool of the empire, fighting wars, rebuilding the ghettos, and patrolling the streets against uprisings Psychedelic USOs feature your favorite heavies.

In fairly consistent, occasionally imaginative prose, the stories of four youth leaders and their revolutionary tribes are detailed. Corey the Indian, a tormented and charismatic word wielder, moves the masses of teens. Shawn the Prophet stokes the fire with the living testament of rock and roll music. Billy is a Math-Physics freak who becomes a cold hard-headed warrior chief ("the council of my opponent is the council of defeat"). The primary female figure is Joanna, whose consciousness of women's oppression never extends beyond an unsure resentment at the fact that "nobody listens to women in council". The tribes of youths, calling themselves Indians, increase in number, living together, dancing ritual dances, and eating "bread", a new psychedelic which is a basis of the American Indian replica culture of the revolutionary communes. Their strength grows, internal conflicts and power struggles develop, and the pig puts his foot down. The street-fighting scenes set the mind to daydreaming, but as described seem like tactical suicide on the part of the Indians: Swarms of hippies bearing rifles and grenades attacking a skyscraper in downtown NYC as if it were Pork Chop Hill.

The story is remarkably well realized, which is to say only that it is devoid of the horribly inappropriate laughable hiptalk which infests those ill-conceived money-reflections that pass as tales of youth culture and revolution (see Beyond the Valley of the Dolls for truly pathetic, nauseo-comic "raps"). The dialogue is solid, but the author's understanding of the forms and directions of youth revolution is not.* One supposes that a greater emphasis on the work of women to define themselves and vastly alter the web of relationships which so constrict them would have deprived the novel of groovy leader-of-the-people dudes with whom male readers can unthinkingly identify. To ignore the liberation of women is to ignore what is at present the most vital influence on the work to transform society and lifestyles. To ignore it is to fall prey to the expediencies of mass appeal fantasy writing that significantly excludes reality in its formulation. Other aspects of the youth culture of today are elided. Smack, reds and speed seem to have gone the way of the buffalo in this depiction of the future. Although the Indians are supposedly familiar with the works of Che and Mao, as well as the tactics of the great American Indian Chiefs, they display a poor grasp of the fundamentals of guerilla warfare,

constantly engaging the enemy in do-or-die outnumbered open confrontations, and demonstrations with guns-the "street fightin man" notion of urban guerilla warfare.

The excitement which this book elicits, for it is entertaining, is tempered by an excessive romanticism which, though not overt, is at least a manifestation of poor background research and lack of contact with actual revolutionary collectives.

*An excellent job is done of making a sophisticated (not to mention right on) analysis of the death culture and of the motives and structures of Amerikan imperialism in a moving, human way.

(For an older, and far better, extrapolation of the contemporary youth culture of the 50's, pick upon Anthony Burgess' A Clockwork Orange. Bikers run wild in occupied America, speaking a complex and imaginative Russo-American slang devised by the author.)

THIS WEEK'S IMMEDIATE DISCARD: Inside Creedence by John Hallowell, Bantam (Rock Special) $1 ripoff

EXTRA!: OCHS CHOKES

Phil Ochs still has a fantastic following of radicals. They know the songs by heart. And the songs don't change. "I ain't marching anymore" all the ol' favorites that helped make this country what it is today. That hopefully altered our consciousness to expect some further progression from phillip now.

I sat through the Ochs concert on the Sunday of life culture weak mystified. I remembered old days singing along with the phonograph wistfully hoping for some justice for those poor oppressed people (sigh). I remember the excitement years ago of seeing Phil in concert in person; the crowd went wild. People were positively itching for the chance to sing along just once. Such a receptive audience, such a responsive crowd.

But Phil held strong; "well wars can't be won with a saber and a gun" ho hum. No emotion no response PHIL-CAN-YOU-HEAR-ME? No improvisation everything is POLISHED. True then, and true last Sunday.

He was impatient and I had a peculiar sensation that me watching him was particularly annoying (and why don't they go home anyway?) It was a self-conscious audience-his fans were dying to please. I had the opportunity to sit next to one Ochs freak who insisted that i not only copy down the titles of all the songs he sang but write the albums they appear on too. DIDCHA GET THAT ONE HUH?

One thing though-about this Ochs character-credit where credit's due. His songs have generally been progressive in dealing with sexism even back when i was memorizing the lyrics. Now especially he's published one tune called "I AM THE MASCULINE AMERIKAN, I KILL THEREFORE I AM". The tune is singularly Ochs hum hum but the words are an interesting approach to the cowboy macho of pigs.

What is this Ochs magic-this staggering attraction for so many hard-fast fans/the constant vigil for that BIG singalong. I try to analyze my old Ochs fever. I remember that strange sense of satisfaction, that urgency he'd inspire in me to feel empathy with all (and I mean all) the poor oppressed people of the world, that sympathy that almost edged on bringing tears to my blind eyes. But not quite-what was that almost definite feeling of a need for someone somewhere to do something and I was interested in hearing Phil sing the results if anything ever happened. At the time I was content in listening and pretty satisfied not knowing my energy had been channeled into doing nothing.

It was pretty apparent Sunday that not too much has changed. Well Fill, good luck and best regards for a future. It's been swell.

-LESLIE-

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THE AMERIKAN PHENOMENA

a modern trauma or "love story"

"LOVE STORY"
(or the great fifties revisted)
by Bill Rowe, IV

"But what makes the book so unique is that his hero, Oliver Barrett IV, and heroine, Jenny Cavilleri, are not dope takers or campus revolutionaries. They are brilliant students who have the old fashioned idea that universities are places at which you study. And being old-fashoined they fall in love the way people fall in love. No pot, no LSD, no booze."
— The Sunday News, Jan. 24, 1971, a/k/a The Detroit News

The novel, or rather novelette, has sold over 450,000 hard cover copies at $4.95 and almost five million soft cover copies at $0.95. And the first week Love Story hit the screen it grossed five million dollars. The popularity of Love Story and the reason for it is another example in a series of great Amerikan phenomena.

Love Story was written by Erich Segal, a 32 year old neurotic professor of literature at Yale. Segal was a well known author, of sorts, before Love Story (Yellow Sub marine) After writing Love Story he was appointed to the Peace Corps Advisory Council by Tricky Dick Nixon. When Segal went to the White House for the appointment Nixon told Segal: "Mr. Segal, what the Peace Corps needs is Love." Bah.

In any event, Segal's masterpiece is just over 130 pages, Bold hype, big hype. Its about Oliver Barrett IV, Harvard, rich, smart, great athelete, great guy. He meets Jenny Cavilleri, Radcliffe, poor, smart, great "girl." Jenny however is not a WASP and her father is a lowly baker at that. In spite of all these hang-ups true love conquers all, a real testimony to modern youth. So Oliver IV introduces Jenny to his parents, Oliver III, an aging banker who drives his Austin Martin like he is a participant in the Grand Prix, and his lovely speed-freak mother, Alison Tipsy Barrett. But the Barretts balk at number III's plans for marriage since no Barrett can marry a non-WASP (trash). But Oliver IV, an arrogant bastard(sic) decides to go through with it anyhow, and as a result loses his grant from the Barrett Scholarship fund. Jenny to the rescue. She teaches so that Oliver can go to law school. After much hardship Oliver graduates at the top of his class and secures a "position" with a prestigious New York law firm. Everything goes well until the couple tries to have an offspring (Oliver the fifth, no doubt). So after much effort and no success they go to a specialist in such matters (a plumber?). He discovers Jenny has leukemia and has but a few months to live. She dies. Sad. Sad. Sad. Just like the afternoon soap operas. In fact one theatre in Oregon gave out free Kleenix.

But Amerika has swallowed the whole thing, in spite of its contrived circumstances, and rather questionable choice by Segal of a "typical" Amerikan couple. If Segal had stood in line at the Wayne County clerk for a day, would he see such a couple obtain a marriage license? Of course not! The Detroit Lions football team took turns reading it and many players said they "broke up" at the climax. Companies and firms have reportedly lost millions($$$$$$) in lost time due to spell-bound employees who thoughtlessly have extended their lunches and/or breaks by reading Love Story. Can you imagine THAT?

Segal originally wrote Love Story for the movies but, alas, couldn't peddle it because it lacked the ingredients of a winner, that is sex, drugs and violence. So he re-wrote it as a book. Just as it was published Hollywood changed its mind. The movie s*t*a*r*s* Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal and countless millions have stampeded their way to the closest theatre where Love Story is being shown, usually in the suburbs. When will this nonsense end? Love Story freaks ignore rascism, imperialism, sexism, the pitfalls of capitalism, Nixonism, etc., but break up over Love Story. So Segal and friends have again capitalized by exploiting the apathy and the unconscious need for Amerikans to escape from their lovely suburban home in Blansville Heights sub-division, and thus, return to those carefree daze of yesteryear, those fabulous fifties..

Let us conclude with this quote by Segal:
"I'm staying at Delmonico's in New York. But I've got to get my hair fixed first. My barber, Paul, what a guy, a real star, will trim it with a blowtorch. Then the Paramount limousine will pick me up for the premiere. The searchlights will be waiting to look up at the stars."Wow, super wow! And this, from the National Book Committee, after having removed it from the list of candidates for their annual reward:
" A banal book....not up to the quality of the other candidates."

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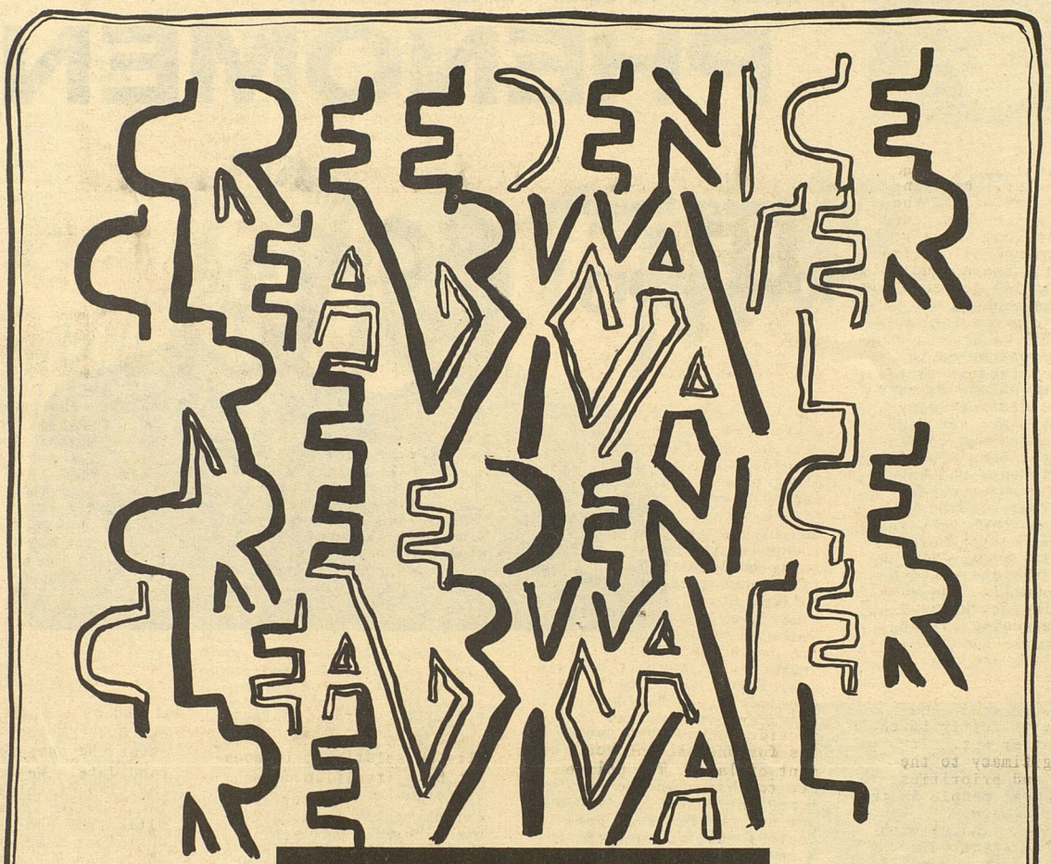

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL'S «PENDULUM» is available on *FANTASY RECORDS* and *AMPEX* tapes & cartridges. The album was produced and arranged by John C. Fogerty who wrote all of the songs. (Soon: *INSIDE CREEDENCE*, a Bantam book to be published this month.)

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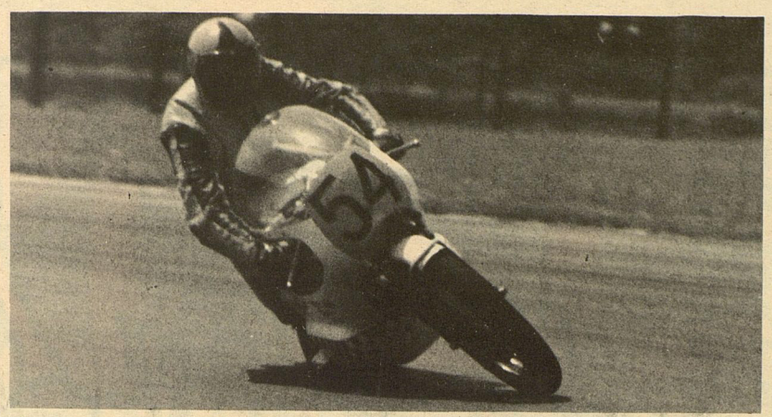

DAVE BLOOM CAN GO 150 MILES PER HOUR AT DAYTONA: THINK WHAT HE CAN DO AT CITY HALL!

LET A THOUSAND BLOOMS FLOWER

[The following is a transcript of a special ARGUS interview with David Bloom. people's Democratic candidate for City Council, Second Ward.]

BLOOM: The point about Ann Arbor Government is that ever since the University started, students and the people who support the campus, transients, dropouts, freeks, and poor people have never really had any kind of direct representation in City government. There have been politicians who have paid lip service to the youth community, but that's all it's ever been--very overt verbal support and not much else. By coincidence or accident, the 2nd Ward has enough young liberal-radical votes to elect a young radical freek politically aware candidate. We can finally get somebody in City government who is a direct representative of the people who live in the Ward. For years the votes have gone from downtown out to the suburbs to elect the city councilmen.

ARGUS: Faber?

BLOOM: Yeah Faber, but there are other wards where its happened. The people who live in the ward can take it over if they take the time to vote.

ARGUS: What does taking over a ward mean, concretely? OK, there's a freek on the Council. Now what?

BLOOM: The freek knows what's happening in the community, he knows what the problems are about people being harrassed. He doesn't have to form a committee to study the problems, to verify if th they exist or not. It gives legitimacy to the problems and priorities that the real people in the Second Ward have.

ARGUS: What kind of problems can be attacked on the level of the Council?

BLOOM: The whole thing about government services. We get very poor service from the City government. We live in poor housing. We continually suffer from police harassment, from parking tickets, from the sort of things that we know exist, but find it hard to convince the non-community people of. One person on the Council can't do much, obviously; but it's a step. It gives the community a voice and a platform that has been traditionally denied it.

ARGUS: What about the ordinance?

Bloom: It's a copout. There's nothing wrong with grass, and if there's nothing wrong with grass then instead of making it 90 days illegal, they should make it legal. If posession is a misdemeanor, they are going to prosecute all posession charges and ask for maximum penalties. Maximum for a misdemeanor is $500 and 90 days and they will get it, too. Posession arrests, which are not in conjunction with any raid or investigation, are usually secondary arrests, like when they are stopping a car for no tail light or some off the wall thing and search the car and find some dope; then you get busted on posession. But generally those kind of charges don't get prosecuted to any kind of maximum. The penalties for sales aren't effected. The penalties for posession if you get caught in a raid won't be effected. All it's going to do is if you are walking down the street and some cop searches you, it's going to put you in jail for 90 days.

One of the problems with the City's marijuana ordinance is that what are you going to do with a dope raid where there's City police, State police, and undercover agents? The State grabs somebody, they get prosecuted under the State law. The City grab State law. The City grabs somebody else, they get it under the City law. It provides great opportunities for unequal enforcement of laws. The police get to choose who to enforce which law on. These are not the kinds of decisions that we want to have the police making.

Still, I do support the proposed ordinance, if only for the value of the discussion and education that can be carried on around the issue of the ordinance. Anyway, it looks very much like a law similar to the one under discussion here may be passed in fourteen months or so by the State. The City law won't matter much then, one way or the other.

ARGUS: What is this leaflet, the Bloom Collective Hassle Bulletin, that we've seen around the town?

BLOOM: We've been politically active, and we've gained a certain amount of expertise in city government, of a sort that other people don't have, because they've been turned off, with good reason, by the bureaucracy. What we want to do is put our experience at the service of the community so that when they are hassled by code enforcement or lack thereof, by the police, or by landlords, or by any number of things, they can call us up and we can try and help them find a soft spot in the Monster's hide. When people start getting hassled by City abuses, we hope they'll call us at 663-8854 and let us try and help.

If you're going to have any kind of real democratic government you have to put the government into a position where it will serve the people. which means getting down and talking with the community. We think we can help serve the community because we have developed a certain number of contacts within the government and we talk with a lot of people door to door and on the streets. Obviously if Faber wins I want him to start to become a representative of all the people and not just those out in the Gold Coast and the merchants. The City has done some real good stuff in tenant's ri rights, but hasn't communicated very well to the tenants. The trouble with liberal government is that since it's caught up in legalistic solutions, it doesn't base itself on community organization. So the community isn't aware even when the government does do something constructive. We think that any kind of solution to a community problem has to be based on community organization. You can't have any kind of a law unless it's based on the needs and desires of the community, and basing it on the needs and desires of the community is a "grass roots" solution. People are aware of it when you implement it, because they helped to work it out, in the first place.

ARGUS: What about the Third Party thing?

BLOOM: Well, I really like the Third Party. If the Third Party had any chance in hell of winning, I would work for them. But since they aren't on the ballot, they are going to run a write-in campaign. I am not really interested in running an educational write-in campaign that has no chance of winning. As Elise Boulding demonstrated in 1966 here, you can tie up an incredible amount of time and energy and not get very many votes. It isn't worth it.

The problem with the Third Party is that it really isn't very much different from the Republican or the Democratic parties. They are still operating on the same kind of benign authoritarianism. The game where we are telling you what is good for you. The Third Party is not basing their thing on any kind of community organization. You can't have real life democratic government unless you can organize the people and their political awareness. The community must become aware of the kinds of issues that face us so that the community can move to resolve them. The community should learn that it doesn't have to stand there and take it. As far as I can see, the only campaign that is doing anything like that is ours, because we are out in the streets, moving among the people. We have formed an open collective so that anybody can work on the campaign, and can have as much to say about the campaign as the candidate. We are not into the kind of thing where the the campaign decisions and ultimately the governmental decisions come from the top down. In our announcement statement we stressed the point that the solutions to community problems have to come from the community in order to be viable solutions, because the people of the community are the ones in the best position to understand those problems. The people of the community aren't going to accept solutions that don't fit because they didn't have a hand in making them.

This country has got too damned many laws, and very few solutions. The whole government is organized around the concept of making laws, not solving problems. And buying off this interest group with concessions to that group. None of which really helps people.

ARGUS: Suppose somebody wants to vote for you, and they aren't registered, or anything.

BLOOM: First, you should find out if you are eligible. If you don't know about the requirements, call us. Then you go to see the City Clerk. The Clerk may hassle you, especially if you are young or look freeky or if you are a student. If the Clerk hassles you, call us. And if you are interested in the campaign for people's power in the Second Ward, or if you've got some questions, or if you just feel like bullshitting for a while, call us, or drop by. Our headquarters is at 341 East Jefferson, Room 6.

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VENDORS

SELL PEOPLE'S da PAPER! Pick 'EM UP FOR 10¢ THEY SELL FOR "25 cent!"

AT 708 ARGUS!

OPEN-ARGUS

The Argus, because we want to serve and inform this community, will have a community meeting next Sunday, February 7 at two in the afternoon. We need a lot of energy and creativity and struggle and support from our community in order to grow and survive. The meetings should open up the paper a whole lot more to criticism and fresh talent: the paper needs people, drawings, poetry, lettering, cartoons, women's liberation consciousness, food freek stuff, movie reviews, gay articles, rock 'n roll and jazz reviews, posters, out IBM type-writer back, ads, international news flashes, layout artists, eco-action shit, auto repair info, dope reports and analyses, organic gardening advice, crafts and skills articles, community news and whatever else will raise and expand our consciousness. Steze the Argus-- it's yours! We wanna have these meetings regularly, once every one or two weeks or whatever the people decide. The first meeting will be at Ozone House community rooms, 302 Liberty St. in Ann Arbor. See you there.

T-SHIRTS

$2.75 EACH

PEOPLE UNITE FOR POWER!
PEOPLE UNITE FOR PEACE!
BLUE SYMBOL ◆ RED FIST ON BLUE OR YELLOW T-SHIRT.
GREEN MARIJUANA LEAF ◆ RED STAR ON EITHER PURPLE OR ORANGE T-SHIRT.

SIZES S, M, L, XL!

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DESIGN B

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